Winke each at other, hold the ſweete ieaſt vp this
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument.
But farye well, tis partly mine owne fault,
VVhich death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weake praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To proue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and proue it to.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope*.
Dem. No, no, hee'l ſeeme to breake looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. VVhy are you growne ſo rude?
VVhat change is this, ſweete Loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; ô hated poiſon hence.
Her. Do you not ieaſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truſt your word.

Lyſ.